LOWELL DECL. EX. 78

Exhibit 124

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SHATSKY-002821-T





Once there was... Raed Nazal "Abu al-Asir"

Author's name: Liberated prisoner/ Tulkarm

Date of publishing: April 26, 2012

SHATSKY-002822-T

Shall we tell you about his beautiful childhood and how they drove it to the Auschwitz slaughterhouse? How they fenced its beautiful gardens with a thousand walls, a thousand doors and a thousand guard dogs?

How they chained his gentle arms with iron cuffs and drove him off his beautiful playgrounds in the neighborhoods, farms and groves of Qalqilya to the darkness of the night and the chill of the dungeons? How they stole a guava from his mouth and gave him a crumb of a bun and a bowl of poor soup?

Shall we tell you long stories about their coarseness and their bloody minds and hearts, as they assassinated his young heart and planted in it a forest of fear and terror? They did so when they arrested him at the age of thirteen. Then they discovered his passion for the stone, which he raised in order to face the military [court's] accusations which are armed to the teeth with all vessels of death. They detained him for twenty-five days in the darkness of slow death, but his love for light and brightness only grew. Since that day, he began looking for the sun and for the coming sunrise.

They took away his innocent childhood to kill the beauty in it, they burned it, crucified it. They tried to assassinate it with the kicks of their military boots, but because their hatred is blind they did not realize that they were causing a million beautiful songs, a million orchards from the orchards of the Galilee, and a thousand walls like the walls of Acre full of courage, strength and firmness, to gush forth inside his little heart. They did not know that they had caused a million children to grow up, play, dream, and dance the dance of the northern wind inside his little heart, in the beautiful chamber of love. And like the children of the camp, they want to grow up so that they could own a rifle...

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This happened when they arrested him for the second time. He was fourteen-years-old, and they threw him into the darkness of the night for thirteen months. There he learned the history of Canaan and the art of the alphabet. He got to know of al-Qassam, al-Hakim, Abu Ammar and Abu Jihad. He knew Kanafani on his return to Haifa. He knew Al-Khawaja while writing the scream of defiance in the dungeons of death, planting *Basiqa*² for steadfastness, and dropping a body in the gardens of the thirty who kept the secrets of their comrades. He knew two Guevaras: one in defiant Cuba, singing to the oppressed the song of liberty, and the other in Gaza, the city of Hashim, sowing death to the occupier in the space of our land. They did not give him a long time after his release to enjoy the sunlight; they arrested him again when he was fifteen-years-old and sentenced him to five years in jail. Only after 14 years in jail was he released, and the five-year-imprisonment did not end, as he was sentenced while in jail to life. This happened after he had freed the "honor" of a young girl he had not known, after it had been ruined by a barbaric traitor who wanted to satisfy his appetite. Raed dealt with him during an interrogation conference, as he defended her honor – the honor she wanted to raise like a sword, but could not, as she was murdered for the second time in the name of family honor.

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Abu al-Asir grew up in this place that was meant to be for him like the bottom of a well and the embodiment of darkness, but along with his prison companions and the army of the brave free pioneers of our Palestinian people who challenged the darkness of the night, they turned the castles of darkness into trenches of light. They lit the castles and built out of the fires in their hearts a thousand lighthouses that reflect their legacy and the legacy of their people's civilization, culture and struggle as well as their right to life. The death prisons became schools for the values of giving and perception and for sharpening them, and for sacrifice and continuation of the path of the *shuhada* [martyrs] and the way of al-Qassam, Abd al-Qadir al-Husseini, Arafat, Habash, Kanafani, and the path of the Palestinian dream towards salvation, liberation, building our future country and returning to it. [The Zionists had to take] a thousand considerations into account. They feared his giant body and his strong arms that were capable of breaking their necks by a single, quick fatal blow. They also had to consider his solid will, his obstinacy, his courage and his angry glances. They feared his word because he did what he said and fulfilled what he promised.

They challenged the strength of his courage in many battles. They tried to force the prisoners to undergo nude body search. They used to raid their cells, searching for organizational papers (capsules), written notes, or photos of martyrs. One time, prison guards raided Raed's cell and

¹ Translator's note: The author probably refers to Ghassan Kanafani's "Returning to Haifa".

² Translator's note: This is probably a misspelled word, as it has no meaning in Arabic.

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took his cellmates for inspection in the corridor. Raed was holding several capsules – wrapped organizational papers, written in code. An ordinary prisoner would normally get confused if his cell was suddenly raided before he had a chance to hide the capsules, but Raed pulled it out of his pocket and started playing with it, throwing it into the air and catching it quickly, laughing. The senior officer among them asked him: "What is that?" to which Raed simply answered: "These are organizational security capsules. Try reaching your hand and take it," he said cynically, provoking he jailer. Before the amazed officer came to his senses and called his teams of prison guards to attack Raed, Raed already threw the capsules into one of the closed cells, where his fellow prisoners rushed to swallow them.

The task of protecting organizational papers and capsules was a tough task one struggled to fulfill. The common practice was that the prisoner would die but not hand a paper or a capsule down to the [prison authority]. Protecting the capsules was a feature of heroism.

This was the case only because these papers were a manifestation of the strength of the organizational substrate which is the most important substrate in the life of the prisoner movement and its fractions.

Raed was stubborn when confronting his enemies, and stubborn when racing and competing to occupy the position of the leader and the decision maker. He had always possessed the will necessary for this position and had a sense of the duty and the role that the courageous leader should assume... He was a genius leader for an army of comrades, working day and night and drinking brine so that he could stay awake at night and write a circular, a statement, a directive,

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a leaflet, a report, a paper for a seminar or for a study session, a political analysis, an issue of an educational magazine, or in order to review a security report, encrypt information on a capsule, or to correspond with other prisoner movements in other prisons in order to keep in touch, to coordinate and to lead an army of prisoners extended over dozens of prisons, dozens of wards, and hundreds of cells. He worked like a bee without forgetting himself, his body or his soul. He dedicated a part of his time to exercising, another to learning, another to writing, and a lot of time to mitigate the pain of his comrades and to play with them and create a humorous atmosphere to help them feel alive and strong... He did not forget to dedicate a lot of time to spend next to the lofty sheikh Abu Rif'at, of blessed and immortal memory, ensuring his comfort, washing him up in a ritual full of childish joy, charging his memory that was collapsing under the hammer of Alzheimer... He was the beloved person of Abu Rifa't, his second heart and his arm.

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SHATSKY-002824-T (continued)

He loved his comrade prisoners so much. As a sign of his loyalty to them he named his firstborn and beloved only child *Asir* [Arabic for prisoner], taking pride in prisoners, exalting and glorifying them.

He was exalted with this beautiful, lovely agnomen [Abu al-Asir, Arabic for "Father of the Prisoner"], and also because the prisoner is the soul mate of the free person. For Raed, being in prison is freedom, and its most sublime degree is the love for the sun...

When Raed was released in 1999, he moved from one trench of steadfastness and resistance where he stayed with his companion leaders, cadres and all prisoners, to another trench of resistance, communication and giving... He inflicted to the enemy painful, fatal blows during the Al-Aqsa Intifada... He sowed in the streets of their racial hatred the true meaning of horror and fear. He exposed the weak points of this tyrant entity, the fragility of its existence, the impossibility of its survival, and the impossibility of its enjoying security and survival one generation after the other until it is removed from our sky, from our space and from our land... For Raed, the assassination of Abu Ali Mustafa will not go unpunished, neither will the Jenin Massacre in which most of his comrades and prison companions were killed... He will not allow the tears of the *shuhada* children [the martyred children] that have not dried in his eyes yet but to be a hard blow to the occupation...

There will be a place for his long oppressed dream... Qualitative resistance operations will make the occupation understand what oppression is... Raed engaged in battle, and guided few of the comrades and *shuhada* [martyrs] who carried out the most beautiful and the brightest of heroic operations... Raed went on planning qualitative operations to teach the enemy a lesson until the *Ghaseb* [rapist] enemy overcame him and assassinated him in a heroic battle that was a legendary tale of sacrifice. He ordered his comrades to withdraw and protected them with his body and with his bullets that did not cease until he became a *shahid* [martyr]... Dreaming of his Asir [his son], his future and his present; Dreaming about [his son,] the apple of his eye, that embodies in his name his [father's] life story and in his future the thousands of dreams that he [the father] did not have enough time to achieve, and a future that he wanted to be better for him and for all the children of Palestine. He left in order to fulfill a part of this dream.

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Raed left but he remained alive in the trenches of imprisonment, in the hearts of his comrades, in their will, in their fists while facing the oppression of the jailer and following the quick steps of Raed. Raed fell in April, the month he loved because it symbolizes fertility, abundance and spring. His crimson blood was another garden that gave the anemone coronaria flowers their beautiful red color, and the flags in the sky of our country their dark color... Raed left so that he could join the immortals... He is immortal in the conscience of each Palestinian, and in the dreams of Asir, who does not accept his departure and who looks for him in his food, drink and medications... One wishes to see another Raed embodying himself in Asir, who inherited from him the meaning of leadership, and who will bring this meaning out thanks to the circumstances in which he grows up and thanks to the characteristics of his personality... This will create a qualitative, dreamy, creative Raed, who defends, fights, hates oppression and seeks freedom and justice...

Asir, who sings proud songs of his father, will fulfill the dreams he wished for him...

Raed...

Your body left but you left a message behind Your dreams shine in the eyes of your Asir Your liveliness shows in his small body Rest in peace, comrade Asir is here

And there are hundred thousand consciences

And there is a generation lifting your flag

Living the childhood that you have not lived yet

Riding the dreams that you have not ridden yet

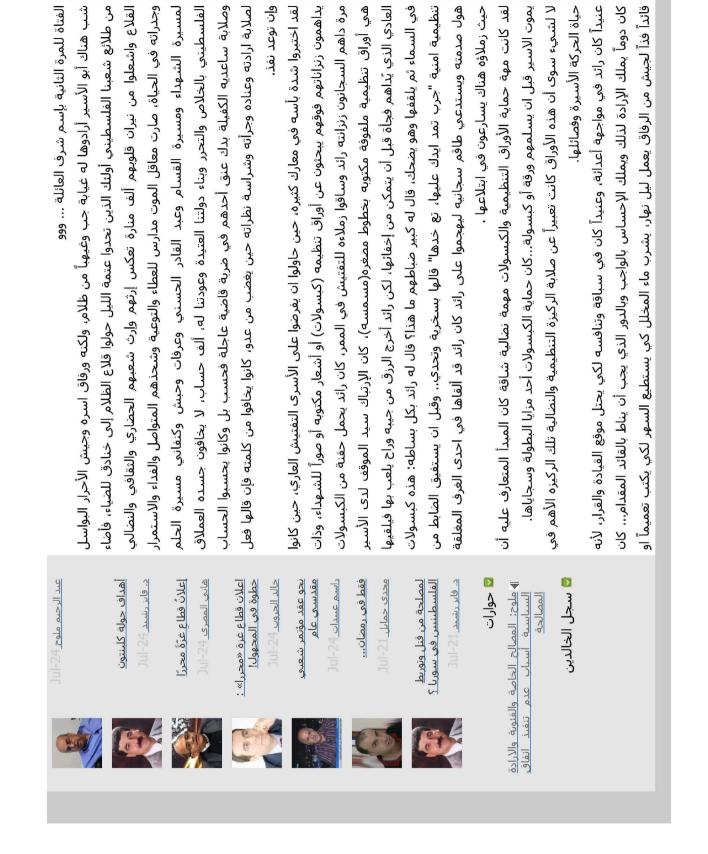
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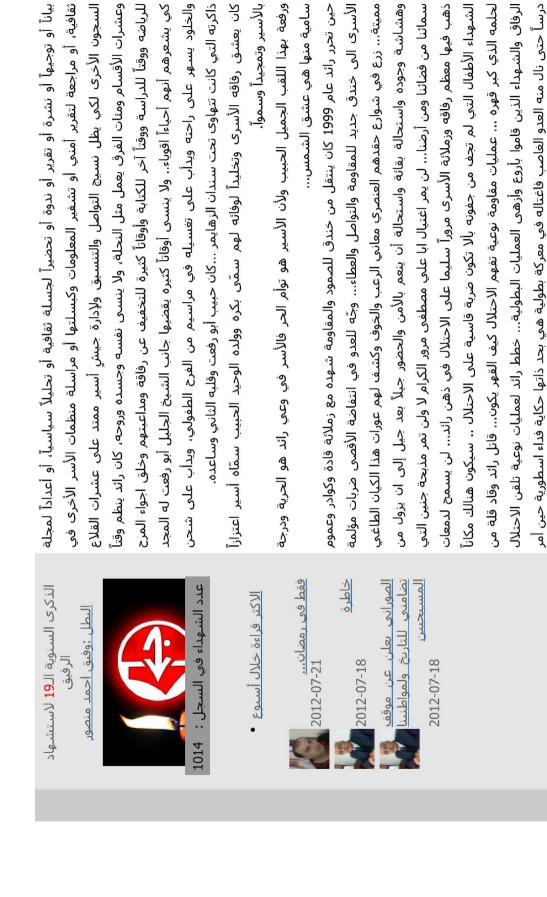
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بالأسير وتمجيداً وسمواً.

رائد رفاقه بالأنسحاب وراح يدافع عن انسحابهم بجسده وطلقاته التي لم تسكت حتى سقط شهيداً...

حالماً بأسيره ومستقبله وحاضره... وحالماً بذاته في فلذه كبده الذي جسد في إسمه مسيرة حياته

وفي تاريخ مستقبله اطنان احلامه التي لم يطوق تنفيذها بعد ومستقبل حلم بآن يكون افضل له ولكل

أطفال فلسطين ورحل ليترجم جزءا من هذا الحلم

رائد... رحل رائد لكنه ظل حياً في خنادق الأسر في قلوب الرفاق في إرادتهم في قبضاتهم وهم يواجهون سطوة والربيع فكان دمه الأرجواني روضة أخرى تعطي للحنون ولشقائق النعمان ألوانها الحمراء الزاهية وللرايات في سماء بلادنا لونها القاني... رحل رائد لكي يظل مع الخالدين... خالداً في ضمير كل فلسطيني وفي رائداً آخر في شخص اسيره الذي حمل منه معاني الرياده وسيجبلها في كينونة نشأته ومقومات شخصه فهنالك أسير وهنالك مئة ألف ضمير وهنالك جيلاً حاملاً لرايتك احلام أسير الذي يرفض رحيله ويتنظر أن يظهر فيه كما هو في غذائة وشرابه ودوائة ... ينتظر ان يظهر وحيويتك تنطق من جسده الصغير نم قرير العين يا رفيق يعيش طفولتك التي لم تعشها بعد ويمتطي أحلامك التي لم تمتطيها بعد مقالات منشورة للكاتب/ة : السجان ويحثون الخطى على درب رائد.. سقط رائد في نيسان الذي أحبه لأنه رمز الخصب والعطاء لتبرق رائداً نوعياً حالماً مبدعاً مدافعاً مقاتلاً كارهاً للظلم ناشداً للعدالة والحرية ... آسير الذي ينشد اناشيد الفخر بوالده سينشد احلامه فيه... رحلت جسداً وخلّدت رسالةً أحلامك تُبرق في عيون أسيرك للاطلاع على مقالات آخرى للكاتب/ة : <u>اضغ**ط/ى هنا**</u> كان هناك ... رائد نزال " أبو الأسير"

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